

O, say, does the Star-spangled
Banner still wave?

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THE FLAG THAT WON



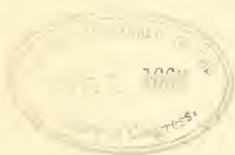
MYRA VALENTINE NORYS.

THE TRAGIC STORY OF OUR SPLENDID MAINE—
THE FUNNY STORY OF OUR WAR WITH SPAIN—
THE MAGIC STORY OF OUR WORLD-WIDE GAINS—
THE BRILLIANT STORY OF OUR PEACEFUL REIGN.

5³³

Nov 20 1894

1894



THE FLAG THAT WON

Caro Byron Valentine

TO ALL WHO APPRECIATE THE FACT THAT LIFE IS EVERMORE A
COMPOUND OF TEARS AND LAUGHTER, THE RHYMER SENDS
GREETING, "MAY PEACE OUR STEPS ATTEND!"



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Byron Valentine

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The Flag That Won.

In time of peace serene it hung,
Soft breezes scarce its brave folds flung
Athwart the sky; and freeman's tongue
 Scarce sang its wonted praises.
Great ships, whence once its colors flew,
Rode idly on the glassy blue;
Nor felt our land one stress, or rue;
 War slept, among the daisies.

The red, the white, the blue were there;
But scarcely rose the patriot's prayer—
Security had palsied care—

 What needed we defenders?
Sweet peace had long our borders held,
Fierce civil strife long since been quelled;
And from all hearts but softly welled
 The thoughts that love engenders.

But, see! a cloud athwart the sky
Sweeps upward till our colors fly;
Pray it may pass us scathless by,
 Nor blood be stirred to battle.
Nay, nay! a shriek falls on our ears;
Our brothers wade through blood and tears;
Aside! put far aside our fears
 When men are smote like cattle!

The war-cloud spreads, and over-hangs
 Our coasts, and fills all hearts with pangs;
 The Spanish sea-wolf shows its fangs;
 A world looks on, in wonder.
 The breeze becomes a tempest-gale;
 It catches bellying flag and sail;
 Our songs of love in tone a wail,
 As homes are rent asunder.

The gale sweeps on, with cyclone rage;
 Grim battle-ships their hosts engage;
 Not palmist wise, nor way-worn sage
 May say which prove victorious.
 The whole round world, amaze with fear,
 Entreats the Lord of Hosts to hear
 Our cries, and swift to help appear.
 Was ever cause more glorious?

He lists the call of eager trust,
 Which aye believed its cause most just,
 Which fought and bled because it must,
 Tho' hating strife's beginnings.
 Thy flag floats wide from tower and mast,
 (Vict'ry hath ne'er that banner passed),
 Thy stars and stripes once more thou hast,
 My land, thy battles winning.

Once more thy banner floats afar.
 Of blood-red bars and azure stars
 The nation sings; and thund'rous Mars
 Hath brought our bonds the closer.

In bonds of love, with awe we know,
Our dross hath well been purged by woe;
True character through pain must grow,
Or man shall be the loser.

Full well we fought; and well we see,
In heart and soul it aye must be
That victory comes full graciously
Through souls' most high endeavor.
The flag whose righteous cause has won,
The flag whose country loves her sons,
Who lauds their deeds, so bravely done,
Shall be dishonored, never!



Alas ! the Maine !

It is night ; it is night at Havana ;
Deep midnight, and the lights have grown dim.
It is night ; 'neath the stars gleams our banner,
And the ship looms up, silent and grim.

It is night ! 'mid the waves of Havana
Ships of battle rest, watching night wane.
And the Maine, and the brave men that man her,
Put their trust in the friendship of Spain !

It is night ; o'er the mines of the Spaniard
Secure, rests our battleship Maine,
With naught for a rear-ward or van-guard,
Will they dare to be false ; they of Spain !

It is night ; and the hearts of the foemen
Are base, as they ever have been !
'Cross the skies darts a swift-fleeting omen ;
There is treachery black for the Maine.

It is night ; and our brave sons are sleeping ;
Are sleeping secure, trusting Spain.
A touch ! from their brother man's keeping
Pass the souls of the men of the Maine !

But a touch ; and the deep waters, yawning,
Belch death, and despair, and a feud.
Dark Guile now her foul brood is spawning,
Multifold ; will they e'er be subdued ?

But a touch! yet that fuse, without respite,
 Kindleth nations and millions to strife;
 It toppleth the throne of the despot;
 It bringeth fair isles to new life.

Sound a dirge! for the men, now low-lying
 In graves of the main, or the fen.
 O'er the dastard of nations, slow-dying;
 The hissing and by-word of men!



The Rough Riders Under Fire.

It shall not be, in war or peace, men of my country's love,
 That tongue may tell, or men may praise such other onward move
 As, on the green of tropic sward, o'er-topped by waving palm
 Was hurled by stripling college lads, and cow-boys strong of arm
 They shall not tell, the singers sweet, who chorus storied deed,
 One tale of battle bravery 'yond the Rough Riders' meed;
 Who strained and struggled forth and on, with cheery will to
 fight,
 With Wood and Roosevelt at the head, and Young upon the
 right.

'Tis not a fair and open foe that men should meet with fear,
 For equal lot and field full fair are valor's due, 'tis clear.
 But ambushed marksmen well may strike to many a stripling
 heart
 A pang which none need hide for shame lest men should know
 its smart.
 Yet, never, in the battle din, nor under sharpest fire
 Gave one young soul the coward sign of backward-urged desire
 And, ever, through the flaming heat and torturing thicket spears
 Rushed on, in blood, and fire, and death, the troop we cheer with
 tears.

See you yon captain calmly pass all up and down his line?
 See you the guidon-bearer stand where shot falls fast and fine?
 See you the privates' onward beat, against most direful odds?
 See you the wounded fire once more, ere yet he kiss the sod?
 These, these are they, my countrymen, whom Freedom's soil
 hath borne,

Who drank in, with their first sweet drafts, upon their natal
morn,
Fair Freedom's strong and vital air, that tones and buoys the
soul;
That frames a hero from the lad who knows but school-boy's
goal!

Guasimas! The Rough Riders! Shall e'er we hear the name
Nor thrill our pulses yet once more, as we recall their fame!
Shall Capron's name e'er meet our eyes, and these not well with
tears,
For War's young hostage, snatched from life in bravest bloom
of years?
Shall Church, who marked that fatal trail full four times o'er
with gore,
Shall he be e'er forgot by men who from the lines he bore!
Whose draining blood had given to Death their spirits, swift
and sure,
Had not this son of Princeton haled them from the awful lure!

Look on this fair, but fatal track, through Cuban glades which
led;
Think on the sacrifice of men who for their brothers bled;
Behold the matted field of blood, with stark-stiff bodies strewed,
And say if such an awesome sight thine eyes have erstwhile
viewed!
Hath War's grim beck'ning held thy gaze, and fired thy hot
desire!
Hast felt the drawings of swift haste to feel the battle's fire!
Trace thou the gruesome, grief-filled path where duty led this
day,
And urge thy soul—sweet Peace to seal—give help she must;
and may.

The Ladrones.

Our ships, one day,
Were far away,
A-sailing for Manila Bay.
The blue waves curled,
With gladness purled,
The warm air spoke a tropic world.

Dim isles, afar,
With naught to mar,
They lay, a-dream, beyond the bar.
In mid-earth zone,
In wide waste, lone,
The hermit islands, the Ladrones.

But, list ! a boom ;
The sea makes room ;
A shot skips wide, a bolt of doom !
The isle awakes,
Our word mistakes,
Nor knows Spain's weakening hold now breaks !

Our Captain Glass
Must show (Alas !
For Spain) mere courtesy cannot pass.
Salutes of peace
Did long-time cease ;
Now, haps of war our gains increase.

Up ! stripes and stars,
Your blue, your bars,
Afloat, a-gleam, a-dance in wars !
Your color tones
Fling 'o'er these stones :
Americanos, the Ladrones !



REAR ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY, U. S. N.

The Hero of Manila.

Commander of the Pacific Squadron.

Oh ! Admirable Dewey !

When Dewey, with his cruisers all too weak,
In eager haste, Manila's bay did seek,

All hearts recoiled.

The task we asked him was too great for one,
But Stout-Heart's dashing deed was quickly done,
(And still with zest he toiled!)

'Ere yet we looked, his victor spurs were won.

But, though the fleet was surely in his hand,
Still beckoned on the conquest of the land.

We bore no lull.

And, 'twas not till we saw the troops on shore
Forward their columns urge, and seize yet more,

Still on to victory pour,

Felt we great Dewey's cup of fame was full!

Oh ! admirable Dewey ! shall the conquest-tone
Of later deeds of might eclipse thine own ?

Which deed was best ?

Shall Philip, Schley, or e'en shall Hobson's feat
Dim the bright lustre of thine earlier seat,

Praise-throned ! Far Time repeats :

Greenest the laurel on thy brow which rests.



A Sea-Fight With Spain.

Boom of the guns, and a churning sea,
 Vessels of Spain, and a country free!
 What shall we say!
 Who wins the day!
 Shall it be that we sleep 'neath the sea!

Song of the shell, and a hurtling mass;
 Surely, our tars shall go down as grass!
 What of the end!
 Whom shall we send
 With the tale that we are no more!

Rush of the foe; but their course! Oho!
 Not to the fight, but the chase we go!
 What of the fight!
 Scarcely in sight
 Lingers the foe whom we fain would destroy!

Onward we urge—now, the enemy nigh,
 Whistle the shells; and they sink as they fly!
 What of our loss!
 'Tis a game but of toss:
 Every man answers the call of his name!

Water, and sky, but no foe to the fight.
 Sink we to sleep, at the fall of the night.
 Sing we with zest,
 Sea-fights are best;
 Victors are we, o'er the breadth of the brine.

Cervera.

Strong, grim, and gray,
 With heart of steel,
 With soul most leal;
 'Tis Cervera.

In honor held,
 Give him his due,
 And name him true:
 Brave Cervera!

Will man his foe
 Still eulogize?
 This honor lies
 With Cervera.

Forlorn of hope,
 Bold to the last,
 Him Fortune passed;
 Poor Cervera!

Decreed to fall,
 Unfortunate,
 Deceived by Fate
 Was Cervera.

Yet high and low,
 With one consent,
 Where'er he went,
 Praised Cervera.

A man of grace,
 Stout-hearted, true,
 All whom he knew,
 Loved Cervera.

The Red Cross Maid.

'Twas the Red Cross knight, in ye olden tyme,
Whose deeds were dight for the rhymer's rhyme !

'Tis the Red Cross maid, in these latter days,
That the rhymer sings, and the people praise.

Soft and tender hands—sweetest, pitying eyes
Blessed comfort bring, amid weary sighs.

Fair and sweet-voiced nurse, with the helpful hands,
And the willing feet, tending soldier bands !

What is man, in truth, that thy soul should fly
To his aid, with ruth, to his help, to die !

Doth he fail, and faint ! Thou dost hold the cup ;
Doth he fall, and flee ! Thou his hands hold'st up !

Aye thou lovest him true, and thy life thou'dst give ;
Or sister, or wife, for him thou would'st live.

Thou, his helpmate true, hast his courage fired ;
Thou hast saved from death, and his life inspired.

And the Red Cross crest, that shelter sure,
Is "a health" the best, where our boys endure !

Is a tent of peace, and a sign, most plain,
That wars shall cease, when Love shall reign.



The Young Private.

A mother's boy,
A sister's joy,
A sweetheart's love is he;
The boy in blue,
With eyes so true;
A private, Company C.

The country calls,
Inaction galls;
He must away and fight.
In camp or hall,
At bugle call,
He's "forward," for the right.

His word is true,
And none need sue
His gentle courtesy.
For mother's fear,
For sweetheart dear,
His thoughtful care is free.

'Mid men of might,
And men of right,
He stands, an equal free.
His spurs to win,
In battle din,
His one anxiety.

The conflict wild,
 The fallen piled
 In ranks of blood and smart;
 The forward rush,
 The death-knell's hush,
 May well dismay his heart !

But up and on,
 Till battle's won,
 He must, or shame his land ;
 So, forward all,
 To win, or fall—
 'Tis Duty's stern command.

And if he fight,
 And if he fall,
 Still mother's lad is he ;
 Still sweetheart prays :
 " Thou God, of Days,
 O, bring him back to me."

But some will fall ;
 The funeral pall
 Must hide the blue eyes dim.
 And tear-drops wet
 Must scald and fret
 Fair lips that smiled for him.

Yet, give we thanks
 That, in our ranks
 Are few, for whom their own,

With tears of pride,
Now sanctified
By death, may not bemoan

A life, so true,
A death, whose due
Gives honor to the brave;
A legacy
Of lustre see:
A loyal soldier's grave!



Christening a Battle-Ship.

It was not so many days ago
 That a maiden, tall, and straight, and slender,
 Firm of purpose, and with broodings tender—
 Thinking of a world of want and woe—
 Made a vow to use her every trying,
 Up to lead, and on to help the sighing,
 All by influence, never, never dying.
 Then to her a wondrous mission came :
 She was bidden to bestow a name.

Not through wine, that steals away the sense,
 Did the maiden our oblation render
 To the state that owned her 'legiance tender ;
 To that son, the country's great defender.
 She the crystal spring so quickly gained,
 Took the water Lincoln's home had famed,
 Gave the name, and lent her own to fame ;
 Lent the Bradley name to honored fame.

So, the water from the cooling spring,
 Gave the maiden to the work of christening ;
 While the nation, man by man, was listening,
 And the deed went down to hist'ry's page.
 "Thee I name the loyal, brave Kentucky ;
 Be thou ever of the host most plucky,
 Of our ships the now and always lucky.
 Thee I christen, ship of honored fate—
 Thee I christen for my native state."



REAR ADMIRAL WM. T. SAMPSON, U. S. N.
Commander of the Atlantic Squadron.

Sampson and Miles.

As when, o'er rippling sea, in hush of night,
Castor and Pollux, meteors twin, appear;
Which, on the mast-head, left and right,
Attach themselves, and signal weather bright;
So, twin like them, these heroes of our fight
Predict fair voyage to our Ship so dear.

Our Sampson, type of thousands in our land,
From quiet birth, of val'rous worth and aim;
Our Miles, twice hero; through the stand
Of battle-brunt, and brave and steady hand
'Gainst evils of the camp and cup! We know
Strong souls, as these, none other land may claim.



The Colonel's Jim.

Only a pickaninny,
 Black as his South-land shades,
 Who's known through the camp as "Jimmy;"
 But Jimmy's a Colonel's "aid!"

Aid to the Colonel and campers,
 Who fathered the homeless boy;
 He followed the Colonel from Tampa,
 Through Cuba, to Wikoff's joy.

Proud as a pampered Hessian;
 Shining his face and eyes
 As Jim names o'er his possessions
 To wide-eyed northern boys.

Guns, and a sword, and pony;
 Cloes like de sojer boys;
 Drums, and a Jew's harp, ony,
 De harp won't make a noise.

Mother! "In Hebben, maybe;"
 Father! "No use for him;
 De fam'ly's One Little Baby,
 Dis pickaninny, Jim!"

Only Jim, and the Colonel;
 And Jimmy fails to tell
 His valor and love supernal;
 When bullets, and shot and shell

Fell like the leaves in autumn,
He was wounded, and never flinched;
So glad it was me, dat caught 'em,
De Cunnel wa'n't eben pinched!"

For Jimmy dotes on "de Cunnel,"
While the Colonel, dotes on him;
And love is a thing eternal
In the heart of the Colonel's Jim.



McKinley Bill.

McKinley Bill was a helmsman true ;

A helmsman true was he ;

He spoke to his mate,

And he spoke to his crew,

And he spoke to his oarsmen free :

"Our Ship of State is in straits most foul ;

In dang'rous straits," quoth he.

"Shall we life-boat out—

What says the Owl !—

And set fair Cuba free !

"Our friend, Monroe, disapproved, you know,

And would hold us back," said he.

"But Lincoln's ways,

In later days,

Urge on to liberty."

Up spoke his wily counselors three :

"We counsel war, Mc. B."

And the oarsmen free,

And the crew, with glee,

Cried : "War, war, *war*, say we.

McKinley Bill looked wise, and said :

"I don't quite know !" said he :

"Unto war if led,

We may lose our heads—

A sad, sad case—for me !"

But the Senate Owl blinked hard, and spoke :

“The House, and the States, and we
Have devised a stroke

You'll not revoke ;

Here's millions for war,” said he.

So captain and crew of the Ship of State,

Her mate, and her oarsmen free,

Each pulled his pound

On the oars of fate ;

And they pulled us through, you see !

But McKinley Bill had wakeful hours—

Scores of wakeful hours had he ;

For “our boys”—proud tower

Of the Nation's power ;

For his suffering, loved countrie.

His head's more gray, and his heart more soft,

But his conscience clear and free.

And the Senate Owl

Sits still aloft,

And our Ship of State rides free.



Stay-at-Home Patriotism.

Note we what a sudden bustle
 Fills the town !
 What an added push and rustle
 Up and down.
 Men are tramping, women weeping
 (Sweet reward);
 Some are shouting, some are keeping
 Watch and guard.
 'Tis the shadow—garish spectre—
 Of grim war;
 Pulpit screed and platform lecture
 Sound afar.
 Yards on yards of gleaming bunting
 Fill the streets;
 Politicians gray are hunting
 Plunder meet.
 Boys and girls, young men and maidens
 Every one
 Sport the stars, and stripes, and buttons—
 Lots of fun !
 Patriotism swift increases ;
 Soon we may
 See the soldiers home on leases ;
 Grave, or gay.
 How we haunt the place of waiting ;
 How we cheer ;
 Patriotic hunger sating
 By a tear !

Who would be without a nation
Brave and free?
Thus we cry, with exultation,
Come and see!
What a land to pray and plead for;
Ne'er we'll roam!
Hers to love, and hers to bleed for,
Safe at home!



Modern War News.

May 4.

The Spanish fleet lately put in at Cape Verde ;
Now, notice, and list to our one final word :
This fleet means to make a descent on our coast !
We must watch, or 'twill prove all futile's our boast
That Spain can't beat us.

May 6.

The swift Cape Verde fleet is after our pride,
The Paris ; ('Tis dolts our fears who deride)
They've probably captured the vessel, ere now ;
And, if Oregon 'scapes, we cannot see how !
But Spain can't beat us.

May 8.

No news from the Paris—the fleet is quite near ;
We shall probably suffer, (the coasts are in fear,
And danger of sorts) and the Paris be caught.
Stout ships for defense U. S. ought to have bought,
Though Spain can't beat us !

May 12.

The fleet that we dread is now off Martinique
Says report from a vessel that lately did speak
Strange sails, most suspicious, and acting quite shy.
And the Paris? Poor Paris ! 'Tis feared she was nigh.
Still, Spain can't beat us.

May 14.

The ships from Cape Verde are near Curacao ;
 The danger that threatens, enhanced more and more.
 As we said yesterday, Spain cannot beat us,
 Yet, 'tis true, that her navy may make quite a fuss.
 (But) She can't beat us (of course !)

Morning, May 15.

Our Paris arrived at her moorings last night—
 Eluded the fleet, and has reached us all right.
 And no one can say what became of the fleet ;
 It has probably gone to attack us so neat
 At Tampa ; but Spain can't beat us.

Evening, May 15.

With Schley and with Sampson on watch night and day,
 The fleet of Cape Verde is harmless, we say.
 Who cares that her cruisers are armored and fleet ?
 Our squadrons are mighty ; now, note, we repeat
 That Spain can't beat us !

May 19.

We have her ! the fleet is all safe in the bay ;
 Santiago, the place where we want her for Schley,
 And for Sampson, who'll take both the castle and guns,
 And turn them on her ; and She's ours if she runs !
 Spain could never beat us ?

Hobson's Choice.

One Hobson, that long-famous wight
A choice perforce did make;
His fame shows tarnished in the sight
Of Hobson "Junior's" stake.

Bold Hobson had a curious cork;
And, spite of jeers and fears,
He pulled away to drive it home,
With six good volunteers.

The bottle—Santiago bay;
The cork—the Merrimac;
The time—the dead of night, they say,
O'er waters' depths so black.

True, Hobson bottled up himself,
With Cervera's fleet ships,
Was laid on metaphoric shelf,
Defiance on his lips.

He chose to do a daring deed;
He chose grim death to greet;
He chose forlornest hope to lead;
And Hobson's choice was meet.

And Hobson's cork the bottle held;
Fain Spain would use a screw.
But when at last the cork she pulled,
The contents emptied, too!



LIEUTENANT RICHMOND P. HOBSON, U. S. N
The Hero of the "Merrimac."

A fizz! the bottle hissed and bled;
Its bottled contents spewed;
A fizzle, later! and, 'tis said,
Just here, sweet peace was brewed.

And Hobson's choice, and Hobson's fame
Have gained the nation's cheers;
Have pinned the Hobson name
And "Hobsonized" our dears.



Teddy.

(AS HIS MEN SEE HIM.)

O, Teddy's our joy, sing him a lay;
Teddy's the lad we're after!
Teddy, who led us, Riders gay,
Teddy, who fought with Shafter.

Roosevelt's his name, great is his fame—
Teddy's the boy we're after!
It's Teddy we've proved; we know he is game—
Teddy who fought with Shafter.

High was his courage in hellish pit—
Teddy's the boy we're after!
Hot was the fight, but he held his grit—
Teddy who fought with Shafter.

Sore was his heart when we men took sick—
Teddy's the boy we're after!
Neat his "round-robin," sent home so quick—
Teddy who fought with Shafter.

Great was the day when the troop came back—
Teddy's the boy we're after!
Loud the huzzas for "Jim" and "Jack"—
And TEDDY who fought with Shafter.

Open's the field for his future fight,
Teddy's the lad we're after !
Level his head ; he'll uphold the right—
Teddy, who fought with Shafter.



Spain's Sub-Marine Specialty.

“Special Phases ” tempt creation,
 On the land, and on the sea ;
 And you know a man, or nation
 By the latest “ specialty.”

Every land exalts its seamen ;
 (As some call them, the marines),
 And the honor of the freeman
 Often on their action leans.

Spain has quite another notion :
 Seamen's fights are common scenes,
 Meet for nations with no ocean
 Depths to float their “ Sub-marines.”

None there be but them, who banish
 All their ships beneath the sea ;
 This it is, that makes the Spanish
 Quite unique in this idea :

“ Put your vessels out of danger ;
 Put them far beneath the waves ;
 Let no well-trained Yankee ranger
 Send them down to watery graves.”

“ This, a patriot's loyal deed is—
 Let their decks the waters lave ;
 Good Viscaya, Queen Mercedes,
 Stout Oquendo, Colon brave !”

Now, secure from foe, or traitor,
Spain's proud fleet shall storied be—
An Invincible Armada,
Ever hers, beneath the sea.



Columbia : A Prophetic Vision.

I saw our country, beloved nation,
 (In contemplation) pass through the years.
 And as she journeyed, so free from sinning,
 New laurels winning, I lost my fears.

New conquests wooed her ; far countries beck'ning,
 And Islands reck'ning her measures theirs.
 Dim centuries listened ; no war-god thundered,
 And nations sundered besought her prayers.

She reigned in glory ; she reigned in beauty ;
 The call of duty was erst her law.
 No greed of gaining, nor feud of nations,
 Nor complications could work her flaw !

On truth and justice secure her station ;
 For all creation she right maintains,
 When shout and clamour of rout and rabble,
 With angry babble would cause her stain.

No land more righteous, no people braver ;
 No truer Saviour for all oppressed ;
 No dearer country of stauncher freemen ;
 No courtier leman, or east, or west.

With laws so righteous, a land victorious,
 A rule so glorious, and peace maintained,
 What chance so fateful, what hour auspicious,
 What time propitious for truth sustained ?

In vital problem, in fateful crisis,
The nation rises in virile strength;
'Gainst wrong enhaloed, howe'er be-praisèd,
The truth, upraisèd, shall shine, at length.

With name unsullied, with shield unstained.
In faith unfeigned, our country stands:
In pledge all loyal, with troth unperjured,
In beauty verdured: Hail, hail; our land!



The Call to Peace.

(When the great peace nation, the U. S., is found plunged into the horrors of war, *to the consternation of all the globe*; when Russia, the great war nation, sues for universal peace, who shall dare prophesy aught but peace?)

When yester-night found the world's nation of peace
Close-locked in a struggle whence seemed no surcease;
When nation on nation, agape, saw, afar,
The sons of Columbia, lions in war;
Conviction's sweet dawn first flooded with light
The mind universal; and peace was in sight!

The morning of peace scarce had conquered the night,
Scarce battle-worn foemen struck hands, when new light
Encompassed the earth; as we noted with awe,
The Czar of armed Russia bespeak a new law.
And never again can the world be the same,
Since this vision of peace to all horizons came!

Soon cometh the mid-day, with full-blazoned hour;
And kings shall no longer be despots through power;
Sweet Peace shall have bordered all banners with white,
And fair Arbitration decided the right.
The thick, Saxon blood shall aye flow in one stream,
And Britain's kin flag twined with ours, be our dream.





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